

Oct. 9.

## NO ARRIVALS HERE TODAY.

### The Gasoline Torchers Had Almost 150 Barrels Her- ring Last Night.

Today was the quietest morning here along the water front for several weeks, not an arrival of any description in the fish line being reported since Monday afternoon.

The torchers had about 150 barrels of herring last night which were landed here this morning.

#### Today's Arrivals and Receipts.

The arrivals and receipts in detail are:

Sch. Mettacommet, shore.  
Sch. Lillian, shore.  
Sch. Jeanette, via Boston.  
Sch. Mary Decosta, via Boston.  
Sch. Richard J. Nunan, shore.

#### Vessels Sailed.

Sch. Marguerite Haskins, seining.  
Sch. Pinta, seining.  
Sch. Monarch, seining.  
Sch. Lizzie M. Stanley, haddocking.  
Sch. Edith Silveira, haddocking.  
Sch. Lucinda I. Lowell, eastern deck handling.  
Sch. William H. Moody, Georges, handling.  
Sch. Rita A. Vjator, shore.  
Sch. Rose Standish, shore.  
Sch. Edith A. Minot, shore.

#### TODAY'S FISH MARKET.

##### Salt Fish.

Trawl bank cod, large, \$ 3.62 1-2; medium, \$ 3.12 1-2; snappers, \$2.  
Handlin Georges codfish, large, \$4.25 per cwt.; medium, \$3.75; snappers, \$2.0.  
Eastern halibut codfish, large, \$3.50; medium, \$3; snappers, \$2.  
Dory handling codfish, large, \$3.75; medium, \$3.25; snappers, \$2.25.  
Georges halibut codfish, large, \$4; medium, \$3.25.  
Drift codfish, large, \$4; medium, \$3.62 1-2.  
Cusk, large, \$2.25; medium, \$1.75; snappers, \$1.25.  
Haddock, \$1.50.  
Large salt mackerel, \$26.50 per bbl.; small, \$15 per bbl.  
Fletched halibut, 10c per lb.

##### Fresh Fish.

Haddock, \$1 per cwt.  
Eastern cod, large, \$2; medium, \$1.75; snappers, 75c.  
Western cod, large, \$2.15; medium, \$1.80; snappers, 75c.  
All codfish not gilled 10c per 100 pounds less than the above.  
Hake, 85 cts.  
Cusk, large, \$1.30; medium, \$1; snappers, 50c.  
Dressed pollock, 80c.; round, 70c.  
Bank halibut, 14c per lb. for white, 11c per lb. for gray.  
Fresh mackerel, 25 cts. for large, 18 cts. for medium, 5 cts. per lb. for tinkers.  
Fresh bluebacks, \$2 to \$2.25 per bbl. for bait; \$1.25 per bbl. to freezer; 66 cts. per bbl. for oil.  
Fresh porgies, \$1.25 per bbl. for bait; 75c per bbl. for oil.  
Fresh herring, \$1.50 per bbl. to freezer; \$2.50 per bbl. for bait.

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#### Big Fresh Fish Trip.

Sch. Effie Morrissey, Capt. Harry Ross, landed 172,000 pounds fresh fish in Southwest Harbor, Maine, last week and was in Yarmouth yesterday ready for another trip. The vessel stocked \$2,200, the high dory \$66.

#### Mackerel At Clarke's Harbor.

Mackerel still continue plentiful the catch at Clark's Harbor, N. S., last week being unusually large. Messrs. Albert Swim, F. T. Nickerson & Co., and James Kenney Co., are the chief buyers.

#### Digby, N. S., Fishing Notes.

Sch. Albert J. Lutz, Capt. John Apt, arrived here Saturday night with 84,000 pounds fresh fish among which was 54,000 pounds haddock. The schooner had been absent just a week. Wednesday the captain and crew left for Halifax, where an investigation is being held in reference to the steamer A. W. Perry colliding with the Lutz last May.

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## SOME LARGE TRIPS TODAY

### And Prices Still Hold Up Pretty Good Up at T Wharf

Haddock and cod predominated this morning in the arrivals of fresh fish at T wharf, there being just an even dozen and a half fares in since yesterday's report.

Sch. Frances J. O'Hara, Jr., has the banner trip of the morning, hailing for 87,000 pounds, while sch. Harriett has 81,000 pounds. Other good fares are those of schs. Jessie Costa, Mary C. Santos, Valerie, Onato, Leonora Silveria, Terra Nova, Frances S. Grueby and the steam trawlers Surf and Heroine.

Haddock sold at \$1.25 to \$2.60 a hundred weight, large cod, \$4, market cod \$2 to \$2.25; pollock, \$3.80 to \$4, and halibut and swordfish 20 cents a pound.

#### Boston Arrivals.

The fares and prices in detail are:  
Sch. Jessie Costa, 30,000 haddock, 7000 cod, 16,000 hake.  
Sch. Washakie, 25,000 haddock, 700 cod, 9000 hake.  
Sch. Mary C. Santos, 35,000 haddock, 8000 cod, 14,000 hake.  
Str. Heroine, 22,000 haddock, 1000 cod, 500 hake.  
Sch. Valerie, 40,000 haddock, 8000 cod, 9000 hake.  
Sch. Ethel B. Penny, 13,000 haddock, 5000 cod, 10,000 hake.  
Sch. Boyd and Leeds, 3000 haddock, 17,000 cod.  
Sch. Onato, 42,000 haddock, 7000 cod, 14,000 hake.  
Sch. Conqueror, 35,000 haddock, 4000 cod, 15,000 hake.  
Sch. Lenora Silveria, 35,000 haddock, 24,000 cod, 1 swordfish.  
Sch. Terra Nova, 28,000 haddock, 8000 cod, 9000 hake.  
Sch. Frances S. Grueby, 13,000 haddock, 26,000 cod, 4000 hake.  
Sch. Esther Gray, 2000 pollock.  
Str. Surf, 52,000 haddock, 2000 cod, 2000 hake.  
Sch. Harriet, 45,000 haddock, 35,000 cod, 1500 halibut.  
Sch. Mary J. Ward, 600 pollock.  
Sch. Mina Swim, 20,000 cod.  
Sch. Frances J. O'Hara, Jr., 50,000 haddock, 35,000 cod 200 cusk, 700 halibut.  
Haddock \$1.25 to \$2.60 per cwt.; large cod, \$4; market cod, \$2 to \$2.25; halibut, 20 cts. for white; pollock, \$3.80 to \$4; swordfish, 20 cts. per lb.

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## TALK ABOUT MAKING MONEY!

Capt. Enos Nickerson of sch. Frances S. Grueby is making an enviable record in the haddock fishery. For the four weeks ending last Wednesday, the net stock of the craft was \$8500 net, the crew sharing \$254 clear. The Grueby is in again this morning at Boston with a fresh fare.

#### Canadian Fish Figures.

A report issued by the department of marine and fisheries shows at Ottawa a slight falling off in the value of sea fish caught in Canada during August. The value of all fish caught and landed in a green or fresh state was \$2,436,501, as compared with \$2,453,552 for August of last year.

The report says that the windy weather made the drying of fish very difficult matter along the Atlantic coast. In the eastern part of Nova Scotia and on the grand banks bait was very scarce, while dogfish were numerous. Swordfish were found to be as plentiful near the shores of Victoria county.

It is reported from Digby that haddock have been more abundant than for several seasons, and that no dogfish have as yet appeared there. Fish of all kinds were plentiful round Prince Edward Island, but dogfish appeared towards the end of the month and destroyed some gear. With fairly good weather fishing was good in the centres of Charlottetown and St. John, N. B.

#### We Dont Catch 'Em All.

The Seoul Press makes the following interesting statement regarding the fishing industry in southern Chosen:

The annual amount received by the fishing industry in Chosen now reaches \$4,500,000 gold, of which \$2,500,000 goes to Japanese fishermen. The total number actually engaged in Chosen fisheries is 100,000, of whom 70,000 are Koreans. With these figures an interesting comparison is made. In Japan proper an average of 120 fishermen cover one square nautical mile, while in Chosen the rate is only 14 fishermen per one square nautical mile. Again, while \$3137 is the average amount of money secured per square nautical mile of sea in Japan proper, in Chosen the figures are only \$747. The average income of a fisherman is \$45 per annum in Chosen, or, to be more accurate, each Japanese fisherman earns \$100 per annum, while Koreans earn only \$25 per annum. The average income obtained by fishermen in Japan proper is \$25. Thus it will be seen that Japanese fishermen in Chosen obtain four times as much as those do in Japan proper. How the Chosen seas abound in marine products may easily be seen from this fact.

In considering the very small incomes derived from this industry, it should be remembered that the majority of the fishermen are also farmers, and that their women and children are generally employed in field work.

#### The Sardine Market.

A steady jobbing business continues in imported sardines, for which prices continue firm, with an advancing tendency. A leading importer says: "In France the catch continues very poor, and it is likely to be the poorest catch on record. Prices naturally are very high and sustained, while the demand at those high prices are only fair. Portugal continues to catch just a few small fish but not enough to supply the demand. It is to be hoped that with the more settled weather the catch will improve so that the packers will be able to catch up with orders which they have had on their books for a great many months, and which they have been unable to execute owing to lack of fish. In Norway the packers are trying to combine and make an arrangement in regard to selling prices, claiming that past seasons have yielded no profit. It is true that prices for this little fish, which has grown in favor with the American trade, are very low compared with other sardines, so even if the selling price should be advanced a trifle it is not likely to curtail the consumption."

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#### Norway Method of Fishing.

The autumn Norwegian fishery, the most important for the United States, is conducted by whiffing or trailing lines and hoops in the North Sea, says the "Fish Trades Gazette." The history of the development of this fishery and of the export business to the United States is interesting. In 1883, M. Barclay, now the secretary of the well-known Society for the Promotion of Norwegian Fisheries, visited the United States. He took part in the mackerel fishery in that and the following year, and became thoroughly acquainted with the use of the purse-seine, and also with the treatment of the fish. On returning to Norway in 1885 he explained the utility of the purse-seine now so largely employed in the herring fisheries in Scandinavian countries, and endeavored to start an export trade in cured mackerel with the United States. The first consignment resulted in loss, the fish being the summer mackerel and the splitting having been done according to the Norwegian method—by the belly, and not along the back—a method essential for the American market. A little later, Mr. Barclay saw some mackerel which had been caught in the autumn by whiffing, and he immediately perceived that they were the sort fitted for the states, being large, fat and plump fish.

#### Gone Haddocking.

Sch. Lucania, Capt. Martin J. Welch sailed for a haddocking trip this morning, having concluded the mackerel seining season.

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## TWO BELATED SWORDFISH

### Brought 20 Cents Per Pound at T Wharf This Morning.

Fresh fish arrivals were in good quality at T wharf, Boston this morning, an even dozen and a half arrivals being at the dock with enough to supply the demands of the trade.

Included in the list were 2 swordfish, brought in by sch. Adeline which brought 20 cents a pound, the highest price paid for swordfish this season. Among the off shores with good fares are schs. Effie M. Morrissey, Jorgina, Clara G. Silva, Adeline, Frances P. Mesquita, James W. Parker, Pontiac, Mary, Gladys and Nellie.

Haddock sold at \$1.25 to \$2.50 a hundred pounds; large cod \$2.50 to \$3; market cod, \$1.75 to \$2; hake, \$1 to \$1.25; pollock, \$1.90 to \$2; and cusk, \$1.50.

#### Boston Arrivals.

The fares and prices in detail are:  
Sch. Effie M. Morrissey, 50,000 haddock, 10,000 cod, 10,000 hake.  
Sch. Jorgina, 30,000 haddock, 24,000 cod, 1000 pollock.  
Sch. Clara G. Silva, 45,000 haddock, 23,000 cod.  
Sch. Good Luck, 3000 haddock, 10,900 cod.  
Sch. Adeline, 30,000 haddock, 26,000 cod, 3000 hake, 3000 cusk, 2 swordfish, 800 halibut.  
Sch. Frances P. Mesquita, 45,000 haddock, 14,000 cod.  
Sch. James W. Parker, 12,000 haddock, 26,000 cod, 20,000 hake, 15,000 cusk.  
Sch. Pontiac, 17,000 haddock, 7000 cod, 10,000 hake.  
Sch. Mary, 35,000 haddock, 8000 cod, 18,000 hake.  
Sch. Gladys and Nellie, 21,000 haddock, 15,000 cod, 10,000 hake.  
Sch. E. C. Hussey, 5000 haddock, 10,000 cod.  
Sch. Georgiana, 2500 pollock.  
Sch. Annie and Jennie, 2500 pollock.  
Sch. Ignatius Enos, 1500 pollock.  
Sch. Elmer E. Gray, 16,000 haddock, 8000 cod, 6000 hake.  
Sch. Annie Perry, 15,000 haddock, 1000 cod.  
Sch. Natalie J. Nelson.  
Haddock, \$1.25 to \$2.50 per cwt.; large cod, \$2.50 to \$3; market cod, \$1.75 to \$2; hake, \$1 to \$1.25; pollock, \$1.90 to \$2.25; cusk, \$1.50, halibut 12 cents for white and 10 cents for gray; swordfish, 20 cents per lb.

#### Foreign Mackerel Market.

The market for Norways is quiet, and Irish mackerel is moving along steadily with the usual trade, the Fishing Gazette says. While the catch of Norway mackerel seems to be quite good, although the exact number of barrels is not known as yet, the demand has been so exceptionally good and American buyers have been so very eager to secure the fish, that fishermen have advanced their prices. In fact, our agent reports that fishermen have withdrawn from the market and are not ready to sell on the present terms. The catch of Norwegian sea packed mackerel landed in Norway and salted for export to the United States for the week to September 14, 1912, amounted to 2,739 bbls., and the total landed to that date for the season was 34,890 bbls. The catch up to September 18 amounted to 35,032 bbls., against 36,531 in 1911. At Boston, October 1, there were received 175 bbls. from Rotterdam.

The Irish mackerel fishing at the Dingle was reported for week to September 16 as 160,000 fish landed, of which 125,000 were cured, the count being 400 to 420. Shipments from Liverpool, September 21, for week to that date are advised as 1581 bbls., and total to date, 1912 spring, 339 bbls.; autumn, 552 bbls. To September 28 the figures, as reported, are shipments for week to date, 2410 bbls., count 300 to 350. The fishing was stated to be fair. At Boston, September 30, 363 bbls. were received from Liverpool.



# THE STORY OF LUNENBURG TOWN

## "The Gloucester of Nova Scotia" as Seen by Newspaper Man.

### People, Customs and Business of The Quaint Fishing Port.

Lunenburg has often and rightly been called "The Gloucester of Nova Scotia." To the great majority of Gloucester citizens Nova Scotia's greatest fishing port is an unknown place, therefore the following interesting and well written article, from the familiar and fertile pen of L. P., in the Boston Transcript will be read here with much interest, as have articles in the past, from the same interesting source, on the fisheries, Bay of Islands, N. F., the beam trawling menace and the hospital ship for American fishermen on the fishing grounds.

Let us now sing the wonders and glories of Lunenburg, the Gloucester of Nova Scotia, which has long enough blushed unseen. Unseen save by fish-buyers and commercial travelers, because it turns its least attractive side toward the stranger arriving at its gates, and the stranger, having arrived on the morning train (by a spur of track running out to the headland from the main line), and knowing that to miss the afternoon train dooms him to spend the night in Lunenburg, makes it a point to catch the afternoon train and warn others.

This would be humiliating if Lunenburg were an ordinary town. The point is that Lunenburg is not an ordinary town. When strangers abruptly decide that the place is not to their liking and depart the quickest way, the town is, on the whole, rather complacent. This place has been good enough for us for one hundred and sixty years; there are enough of us to run everything in it just as it has always been run, and we can do very well without any of your new-fangled notions which may be the devil's own contraptions, for anything we know. You had to come up a spur of the railroad to get here: we saw to that. No main line of railways for us. Buy our fish. We ask no more of you.

This Teutonic abhorrence of innovation has kept the town what it is: a small German fishing port, belonging, I was going to say, to the middle of the last century—if it were not so briskly contemporary in everything pertaining to the fisheries. But it would be vain to suppose that much of the picturesqueness of an Old World port invests this headland village. Picturesqueness there is, but only a sort to be found by diligent search, and then not of a variety to satisfy the average appetite. The quaintness which attracts visitors to a town is a quaintness of gables, chimney pots, lanes and gardens. In this kind Lunenburg turns the pilgrim around and shoots him rapidly out of its boundaries. But that subtler picturesqueness which inheres in the inside of a community's consciousness is here in abundance. Among Northern ports, Lunenburg is what is known among the old people of villages as "a quaint character."

#### Say We Didn't Do It.

Disguised, it is true, in a most unpromising shell. Since it is insisted by the Lunenburgers that the Yankees did not sack the town in 1812, it is a constant puzzle what whisked these hilly streets into their uniform ugliness of gingerbread architecture. Not twenty miles away, on the other headlands, are old houses and inns of a type of colonial gambrel roof, dormer window and wide chimney to gladden the eye of the antiquary. At every turn in Lunenburg such a house is expected. It is never there. Or, if it is, it has been "improved" beyond recognition by wedding-cake carpentry. A closer inspection of the streets reveals many of

what were once simple and dignified old cottages of the style which still beautify the neighboring ports. But some era of prosperity descended like a blight, encrusting all these dwellings with cupolas, balustrades, window-hoods, dormers of alien breed, porches and bow-windows, giving the streets much the appearance, one fancies, of Mr. George Gray Barnard's heroic groups of the Pennsylvania Capitol plus their plaster draperies, and for something the same reason.

Charming gardens there are, brilliant with autumn flowers nodding over the shell-borders of the beds—the aster, golden glow, marigold, a late morning glory and sweet william, with honeysuckle clambering over a summer-house which none of the thrifty folk ever find time to sit in.

The plan of the town itself is delightful. It sets astride the long ridge of the headland which divides its main harbor from another and little-used inlet on the north, in the attitude of a rider to the sea. The main street, which rambles, dipping and ascending, along the back of the ridge, strongly resembles that of Gloucester. The little cross streets which slant steeply to the water each frame panels of wharf, warehouse, shipping, blue bay water and the velvety green hillside of the headland across the harbor. From a distance, Lunenburg looks well; the hills and waters surrounding it are surpassingly lovely. Given a little conscious care and taste in architecture, the town could have been a wonderfully attractive place. As it is, the public buildings are set off in squares among maple groves; one or two of the churches are on broad greens; stone steps lead down steep inclines, and the streets are perpetually at a climb or a descent. All the natural elements of beauty are here, yet hardly a structure raised by man that does not twinge the eyesight with some offence against color and form. Sidewalks are cinder or gravel; streets are soil; now and then equipped with gutters. Making every allowance for its being an off-year with the fishing fleet and for the small number of schooners back from the Grand Banks, the business district of the place has the aspect of a clock waiting to be wound.

#### Had a Boom Last Year.

These items are particularized, first to deter any rash person from coming to Lunenburg to seek the quaint; and second, in the general interests of accuracy and candor, because they will offend no true Lunenburger. Enterprising and hustle may be a very comfortable doctrine for the outside world; we have got along very agreeably without hustling, made enough to live on, and lived quite as long.

All the same, this did not prevent Lunenburg last year from taking on something very like the aspect of a boom. It was a big year for the fleet, and fish brought as high as \$7 and even \$7.50 a quintal. On the strength of which 25 new schooners were added to the fleet for launching this spring, keeping a musical clink of mallet and chisel sounding all winter in all the shipyards from Mahone to Shelburne. In fact, the books at the custom house show the registry of 37 additional vessels to the Lunenburg fleet for 1911, though many of these were small sloops and "gasoleners" for the shore fisheries. The schooners were built to fall short of 100 tons burden by an ever narrowing fraction, in deference to the law which requires a master's certificate for vessels of more than 100 tons. Vessels under that burden may be navigated by anybody from youngster to grandam. The Lunenburg fishing fleet now numbers 170 sail. Of these some 70 are from Lunenburg town, and the rest from Lunenburg County. Including small

steamers and coasting vessels the fleet numbers 378.

More are building. Six vessels are now on the stocks in Lunenburg yards. Three of these are schooners; three more are a new type of sloop, equipped with a gasoline engine of 25-horse-power. The hull is a small imitation of the knockabout; the mast stumpy, the broom disproportionately long. It is admitted that the sail and not the engine is the auxiliary. One schooner is to have three masts, the first of the fisherman type so built. Two years ago this was tried at Mahone, but not with the bowsprit of a fishing schooner. The one now building is 131 feet over all, 26 feet beam and 10 feet, 10 inches depth. As she stands on the ways a bulky sight for eyes accustomed to the lines of the fishermen, but stanch of construction and not ungraceful. It is noticeable, however, that the Lunenburg builders are constantly approaching the Gloucester type, not only in the lines of the underbody, but in the use of as much oak as is obtainable, piecing out with the ash and beech of former years. This change has progressed noticeably within two years. Last year, on Great Tancook, the island at the entrance of Mahone Bay, was built the first knockabout of the Lunenburg fleet. It was put together at the behest of an ambitious youngster from Chester Ironbound, who twinkles with amusement now when he tells of the protestations of builders and riggers against such a monstrosity, and the disasters predicted for her. Other vessels of the type will probably follow. Two more schooners are ordered for as soon as room can be made for them in the Lunenburg yards, thus keeping the builders at work through most of the winter. As measured by the ship-building the off-year ought not to be so depressing. And last season, at all events, when spring came there was a mighty splashing off launching ways on Tancook, at Mahone, up the LaHave, at Lockeport and at Shelburne, to say nothing of Lunenburg itself.

The relation between this belated boom and the reciprocity disturbance need not now be traced since the issue is, for the time at least, stone dead. By no means a few of the fishermen who voted against the measure then have had a change of heart since, and are only waiting for a chance to vote the other way. It is not impossible that a considerable part of the boom spirit which animated Lunenburg last year might be traced to relief and reaction from the apprehensions aroused, truly or falsely, by reciprocity's alarms and excursions.

#### Women Work in Fields.

Lunenburg's annual calendar is virtually that of all the circumjacent bays and headlands. Passing along the country roads you are struck by the absence of young and even middle-aged men. Women are at work in the fields; grandsires hobble from wharf to garden gate, figuring as shirtsleeves, cane, whiskers and hat-brim. A party of weather-bronzed youths trundling barrows along the road explain the mystery. "We've been out on the banks all summer and just got in. So we're working out our road tax." The two thousand men of the crews come from every part of Lunenburg County—a few from the eastward and westward. Through the winter they will have been 20 miles up inland in the big timber, getting out the spruce and pine logs which are to go squealing through the sawmills of the river ports all summer and down the coast in small schooners to the Southern ports and the Indies. Or in the early months of spring they have been ploughing and planting on the little waterside farms up among the inlets and coves, leaving the women and old folks to tend the crops until harvest. The summer is split into two trips, the spring trip, from March to June, to the coastal banks, Brown's, Quereau, Sable Island and Middle Grounds; and the summer trip July to September, to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

The great days of Lunenburg are when the crews assemble and when they come home. It is then, and about then only that the shops turn over their stocks. But even at its gayest, Lunenburg is a Gloucester with its sting extracted. The town is no-license, and though this means what no-license usually means, the provision for a seaport town of 3000 of one policeman, and he no Theseus, tells its own tale. These lads of the German names, these Eisenhauers, Hinckles, Crouses, Wamboldts, Weinachts and Conrads are not coming home to Lunenburg to cut loose in the Yankee sense. Their sense is of a soberer kind. For one thing, if Titus

takes a drop too much he is sure to be seen by Sophy, who writes to Freila over on the other headland, and whatever Freida knows, the whole neighborhood which is 25 miles long from Glen Cove to Peggy Soi, also knows; and picture stumping into church a week hence with head banded by the black looks of minister and congregation of neighbors—a thing to make a thoughtful man shudder. Again, we come of a thrifty, hard-headed race which wants to see a more substantial than liquid return for a hard-earned shilling. The vessels are built on the share system, each share a sixty-fourth. It is by no means unusual for ten of the crew to own twenty shares of the craft on which they sail. Ownership begets responsibility; responsibility steadiness, and steadiness thrift. How would it become the proprietor of two shares in the "Lloyd-George" to come reeling up past the "V. R." stone of the Custom House?

#### Men of 70 Go to the Banks.

So the celebration of the fleet's departure and arrival is in the hearts of the folk, and there it is wonderfully sweet and true. Every second house on these headlands has sent a husband, a father, a brother or a sweetheart. Perhaps even a grandfather. Tales are told of men of 70 still going to the Banks, and doing a doryman's work. They began going as adolescents, their youth and manhood had its associations of fog, salt fish and salt water, and they intend to keep going as long as the strength is in them. It stays for an incredible term. The tales are believable if only from the oldsters to be

seen at work on the wharves. One of them—he was in a line of men passing salt fish out of the hold of a LaHave packet—looked nearer 90 than 70. In any other town he would have been under coverlet, with granddaughters to nurse him. He was making clumsy work of passing the armfuls of salt fish as it was, and being considerably heckled by three other men not so much his juniors; but the odd part was that this surly old sea dog neither invited nor excited sympathy. He was all for wiping up the deck with his hecklers, and crippled with rheumatism as he was, might have made a good beginning at it.

In July the schooners are only in port long enough to fit out for the longer trip. There is a good reason for their being home before September 20. When half the summer's work is represented by the cargo of salt fish under you, there is no taking unnecessary chances with equinoctial gales. The first of the bankers came winging in past the Battery Light seven days ago. There are now nearly a score of schooners riding at anchor in the little roadstead, hoisting riding sails, when a southeaster roughens the bay, blowing across the Owens, and every afternoon of these blowy autumn days of bleak blue clouds and chill yellow sunlight, another of the fleet with a bone in her teeth dashes in past the tapering little white wedge on the green tip of the headland, and joins the flotilla under the lee of the smooth round hill. In another week the harbor, so the Lunenburgers say, will be "so full you can walk across on vessels."

But not the stores. Word has gone forth that fishing has had a bad year. The bait failed; none was to be had on any terms. And therefore it is noised about Lunenburg that "everybody who has a dollar is going to hang on to it." Yet the streets begin to look populous again with a wide-gaited brotherhood who still maintain, less consciously than by custom, a faint flavor of the traditional costume of seafaring. It is different from the Gloucester idea of going to sea in boots and oilers and going ashore disguised as a landsman—a disguise which requires no X-ray to penetrate. The first apparition on the Lunenburg streets of a husky youth in short jacket and wide-bottomed trousers is set to some remote affiliation with the sprouting Canadian navy; but the fourth, fifth and six not being so attributable have to be explained by the fishing fleet—which is correct.

If there ever was a time when Lunenburg apprehended the depletion of her crews by a Canadian navy, that dread has evaporated. The naval advocates, it will be recalled, predicted that a recruiting ground was provided by the inshore and offshore fishermen of the Maritime Provinces. There may have been a brief period when the glamor of belonging to the Dominion's brand new navy (bought of the British Admiralty at second-hand



rates) may have appealed to the youngsters of the Lunenburg headlands. But the Niobe fell foul of "an uncharted reef" off Clark's Harbor, and has been in a Halifax drydock this twelvemonth. And on the Canada, which sprawls her war-gray bulk in the still waters of Chester Basin, is a young Lunenburger who thus testifies: "When I was shore fishing I had to work harder to be sure, but I was home every night and me own boss. This discipline! Look at an officer with your fingers crossed, and you get soaked. What is \$22 a month? In two months last summer I made \$200 halibuting. You don't mind hard work when you're earning. And a fisherman's not used to their high-and-mighty business with his skipper. No more navy for me as soon as I can get out."

Which is exactly what was prophesied a year and a half ago: the repugnance of the independent fishermen breed for the iron discipline of the military. If the shore fishermen prefer their hard toil and scanty returns to the ease and security with low pay of the navy, it is hardly likely that Lunenburg's share-holding crews will desert for the service.

#### No Burglary in 20 Years.

It is 20 years since anybody can recall a burglary in Lunenburg. It is 18 years since the last fire. Thirty-five years ago Kulback's house burned, "on a night so still the flames riz right up straight; and a pretty fire it was, too, if it was a house." Sixteen years ago a barn burned. Since then the fire department (naturally an informal affair) has ceased to give lawn parties. Yet Lunenburg is a wooden town built on the ridge of a headland combed by the winds. "You see," says an old dame, "most folks own their own places."

Lunenburg has no paupers; hardly any families which can be called poor. No ragged children are seen about the alleys. There are no alleys, and the children are seldom idle. Either school or tasks. "We are all brought up to work." The women tell one another that there is not a poor table ("meat o' vittles") in the town. The wife of a contractor from the outside world scandalized the whole community by the admission that she had never done housework. The housewife—not a maid, servant or any of the tribe—who was induced to come to help, blurted out roundly that none but lazy folks lived seven years of married life without learning how to cook and fend about the house. The offending dame could neither be dismissed nor children. She was there as a personal favor, and her views of wifely duty were thrown in without extra charge.

There is nobody in Lunenburg who is glad or even willing to accept slightly-worn garments—the yearly grist of families moderately well-to-do. If the neighbors haven't as much as we, they have all they need. They would resent the offer of Hermann's last winter's overcoat. The Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Canada have erected palatial buildings of red stone and gray. They make an odd contrast with the painfully modest dwellings of their depositors. Yet in one of these banks during a busy month of last winter the amount of money turned over in this defunct village of 3000 was more than \$400,000. In the savings bank is money on deposit to the sum of half a mil-

lion. Old residents tell of deposits which are known not to have been touched for three generations. There the money is, drawing 3 per cent., and there Lunenburg would rather have it until the last fleet comes home, rather than outside of Lunenburg drawing seven. The only investment which tempts these savings to put a head out of the hole is a share in a Lunenburg schooner.

You begin to perceive why we can be so indifferent to the likes and dislikes of visitors. Let them stay away then.

#### Nearly Run Down by Oxen.

The woman who was nearly run down by a yoke of oxen at the corner of the church green indignantly demanded what Lunenburg was coming to when a driver hadn't the gumption to shout a warning "Haw!" Have pedestrians no rights? Her gossip declared, in the course of the same conversation, that she had never been able to feel the same toward Rev. Mr. Dempsey since she learned that he

not only smoked cigarettes himself, but offered them to those who smoked. The condition of the good soul's mind, had she known that only 20 miles away, on last Saturday night, a smart-set sister of her sex had to be helped upstairs from the hotel bar after the seventh drink, must have been pitiable. One of the evangelical ministers preached a sermon on Sunday evening which set the town by the ears. On Monday it was the one theme of discussion—at tables, over counters, and (believe it or not) on wharves. The alto of a neighboring church, knowing it was likely to be an event, deserted her post in the choir, with the result that her home church had no anthem. One of the old men who work in the candle-stores along by the harbor, was retailing generous excerpts from the discourse to the sappy young blade who keeps the books; when the young blade picks up the old one by repeating half the psalm from which the text was taken. It was done, to outward appearances, at least, in perfect sobriety. Nor was there anything priggish in the occurrence. They were discussing the latest affair of local interest; it might have been a good fare of salt fish.

Perpetual warfare is waged between the temperance wing and the hotel as to which there has at times been the whiff of a suspicion of a bar. Or did some of the undegenerate slide in, a puncheon of contraband rum from one of the coasters returning from her winter voyage to the West Indies? Knowing Lunenburgers—the pen itches to write it "Burghers"—will tell you that the hotel has already paid enough in fines to buy three licenses. In a community where the bowling alley, also an adjunct of the hotel, is held to be an invention of the devil to snare youth, it will readily be seen that public opinion is not yet in a state to entertain the conception of high license. Still, a thirst can be quenched by a man of no great perseverance.

Sometimes in summer a travelling stock company makes a one-night stand with a deodorized version of "East Lynne," and, taking your reputation in your hands, you go. Dancing, even in the sense of the barn merry-makings, where you clump around in old-fashioned square dances, as innocent as babies, from noon to eve and eve to morn, two fiddlers "spelling one another"—as happened on one of the headlands last week—are all but occasion for a churching. As for cards, not only have we no use for them ourselves, we have no use for those who have. Certain things cannot be too strongly condemned. However, we see no harm in kissing games.

Youth, like love, locked in at the door, flies out through the window. There is next to no amusement to be had in Lunenburg. It might be better for the young men if there were.

#### Excites Mingled Emotions.

Lunenburg excites mingled emotions, derision and admiration, amusement and the heartiest approval. Knowing the under-current of prosperity which runs steady and strong is to deplore the general indifference to the upkeep of the private as well as the public property. On the other hand, the thrift and genuineness of these people is a wholesome and blessed relief from the extravagance and ostentation of our own. A town where the scheme of communal ownership and communal production has been put into effect about as thoroughly and as successfully as our modern muddle will permit. The unit of wealth is a share in a fishing schooner. The young men are given a sixty-fourth, and they pay for it in the coin of toil and danger of fishing on the grand banks. The thrifty and sea-loving rise to the dignity of skippers and vessel owners. The thrifty and land-loving pay for their farms with fish. If spared by storm and shipwreck the fishermen "retire" at sixty, or even earlier, with their modest savings invested in vessel shares. If a dividend can ever be said honestly to have been earned, these shares in a vessel's earnings, themselves earned by sweat and peril, have less stigma of privilege than the average. Their holders retire, be it noted, not to leisure, but to till a headland farm in summer, and to work up their firewood in winter, for as long as their arms can wield axe or hoe—a very different thing from the vegetable stagnation of unoccupied senility.

From first youth tested up to extreme old age everybody works; chiefly, and including, father. When a few of these matters are realized, the unlovely buildings can be overlooked, the intense local prejudices can be condoned, the concentration on the main business of life—fishing—can be understood, and the honesty and earnestness of the community cannot be other than admired. A town where there are no crooks and no poor. A precious dull and dowdy paradise, but a good deal of a paradise after all. Not much on looks, but a great deal on the things which count more. Hardly an American town of its size but could take a salutary lesson from this stodgy Lunenburg.

In the Sydneys and Glace Bay we have examples of the sort of cities built by industrial prosperity in Nova Scotia. Well, look at them! Wildernesses of smoke-blackened hovels, equipped with the apparatus of a city's material needs; destitute of all save the rudiments of a city's mental and spiritual needs; scars and ulcers of man's devising on a glorious northern moor sloping to the sea; a fair rolling country smeared with coal-dust—a blackmoor of cities. Against such a background the stolid conservatism of Lunenburg wears, as nearly as such a negative quality can, the look of virtue. The alternative may not be altogether to taste. But better this than that.



Oct. 10.  
**TWO MEN STRAY  
FROM SCH. MARY.**

Sch. Mary, Capt. Bartholomew Whalen, arrived at T wharf, Boston, this morning, with her colors lowered for the loss of Thomas Driscoll and William Melonson who strayed from their craft down in the South Channel last Monday, during a fog.

Capt. Whalen feels confident that the men were picked up, as the sea was calm and it did not commence to breeze up until that night.

Driscoll belongs in Boston, while Melonson's home is at Tusket, N. S.

**Portland Fish News.**

Judging from all the indications, there will be plenty of salt hake on the market for some time to come, says the Portland Press. All of the Portland fish dealers are splitting and putting into the pickle about every pound being received in the city. There is so much of the fish there is no market for it fresh so it is being split for future needs. The price is away down, but so plentiful are the fish that the men are able to make a pretty good sum from a fare.

Fully 125,000 pounds of mixed fish were brought into Portland Tuesday by the members of the local fishing fleet. It was the biggest day in the ground fish industry since last spring. The banner trip of all was one of 45,000 pounds, mostly hake, landed by the Angie B. Watson. The Lochinvar had 40,000 pounds, the Fannie Hayden, 20,000 and the Wesley Semmet, 8000. The rest of the small boats had enough to make up the total of 125,000 pounds. In addition to this amount, schooner Effie Morrissey was in port with 75,000 pounds of fish. As there was no market at Portland for them, the skipper of the schooner at once got under way and sailed for Boston to dispose of his fare. As most of the ground fish is hake, it is bringing very low prices here.

For all of the rough weather, there were considerable herring landed Monday night. The steamer Pet had 71-2 barrels, the sloop Sea Foam 75 barrels and the Hattie and Eliza 45 barrels.

Disgusted with their poor luck at fishing of late several of the skippers at the local fishing steamers are contemplating going out of commission. The Elthier has hauled up at Central wharf for an indefinite period and several others will follow suit if business does not shortly improve.

**Pensacola Fish Notes.**

Sometime between now and the fifteenth or twentieth of October at least five fishing vessels new to Gulf waters will be en route to Pensacola from New England ports. The Warren and Saunders fish concerns combined, have purchased five large New England fishing smacks to be added to their respective fleets. The Warren company has secured two and the Saunders company will add three more ships to their fleet.

Pensacola has long led in the snapper fishing industry. In fact, it is the south's leading fish port. The business furnishes employment to at least five hundred men and the coming of additional smacks to increase the business is always greeted with approval.

All of the recent purchases are being fitted out with new ice boxes and otherwise altered so as to engage in the Gulf snapper fishing industry. It is expected that three or four of them will have sailed for Pensacola by the fifteenth and that all of them will be on the way south by the twentieth of the month. They will probably reach here by the way of the snapper banks.—Pensacola News.

**Off For New Home Port.**

Sch. Matthew S. Greer recently sold the Warren Fisheries Company of Pensacola had farewell to New England waters this morning when she left for her new home port, to engage the snapper fishery off the Florida coast.

The craft is in command of Capt. Daniel Fenace and will make a trip to the snapper grounds before arriving at Pensacola.

The four other crafts recently sold Pensacola to the Warren and Saunders Companies will leave shortly for their destinations.

**Good Stock.**

Sch. John Hays Hammond, Capt. Emanuel E. Spinney, stocked \$2800 from recent halibut trip, the crew clearing \$2800 clear. Capt. Spinney will now haul out of halibuting and remain ashore for the remainder of the fall and winter season.

Oct. 10. ✓  
**ONE HALIBUTER  
FROM BACALIEU.**

**Sch. Preceptor Brings 15000  
Pounds from Far Off  
Fishing Ground.**

One halibuter and two fresh fish arrivals was the gist of the fish story here this morning.

Sch. Preceptor arrived yesterday from Bacaleu Bank with 15,000 pounds of halibut which sold to the New England Halibut Company. From Boston are schs. Harriett with 20,000 pounds of fresh fish and sch. Francis J. O'Hara, Jr., with 50,000 pounds for the splitters.

The torchers had 125 barrels of fresh herring this morning which sold here for bait.

**Today's Arrivals and Receipts.**

The arrivals and receipts in detail are:

Sch. Preceptor, Bacaleu Bank, 15,000 pounds halibut.

Sch. Francis J. O'Hara, Jr., via Boston, 50,000 lbs. fresh fish.

Sch. Harriett, via Boston, 20,000 lbs. fresh fish.

Torchers, 125 bbls. fresh herring.

**Vesses Sailed.**

Sch. Olive F. Hutchings, haddocking.

Sch. Walter P. Goulart, haddocking.

Sch. Lucania, haddocking.

Sch. Emily Sears, shore.

Sch. Esther Gray, shore.

Sch. Mary B. Greer, Pensacola.

**TODAY'S FISH MARKET.**

**Salt Fish.**

Trawl bank cod, large, \$ 3.62 1-2; medium, \$3.12 1-2; snappers, \$2.

Handline Georges codfish, large, \$4.25 per cwt.; medium, \$3.75; snappers, \$2.50.

Eastern halibut codfish, large, \$3.50; medium, \$3; snappers, \$2.

Dory handlining codfish, large, \$3.75; medium, \$3.25; snappers, \$2.25.

Georges halibut codfish, large, \$4; medium, \$3.25.

Drift codfish, large, \$4; mediums, \$3.62 1-2.

Cusk, large, \$2.25; mediums, \$1.75; snappers, \$1.25.

Pollock, \$1.50.

Hake, \$1.50.

Haddock, \$1.50.

Large salt mackerel, \$26.50 per bbl.; small, \$15 per bbl.

Fletched halibut, 10c per lb.

**Fresh Fish.**

Haddock, \$1 per cwt.

Eastern cod, large, \$2; medium, \$1.75; snappers, 75c.

Western cod, large, \$2.15; mediums, \$1.80; snappers, 75c.

All codfish not gilled 10c per 100 pounds less than the above.

Hake, 85 cts.

Cusk, large, \$1.30; medium, \$1; snappers, 50c.

Dressed pollock, 80c.; round, 70c.

Bank halibut, 13c per lb. for white, 10c per lb. for gray.

Fresh mackerel, 25 cts. for large, 18 cts. for medium, 5 cts. per lb. for tinkers.

Fresh porgies, \$1.25 per bbl. for bait; 75c per bbl. for oil.

Fresh herring, \$1 per bbl. to salt; \$2 per bbl. for bait.

**Consumption of Fish in Paris.**

Bartley F. Yost, United States Deputy Consul-General in Paris, writing of the yearly food consumption in that city, says:

That the Parisians are formidable fisheaters is shown by the number of pounds sold annually as follows: Salt-water fish, 87,029,800; fresh, 6,582,400; smoked, 343,200; salted, 22,000; total, 93,977,400. Oysters, mussels, shellfish and snails also find epicures, for their consumption is relatively important—25,300,000 lbs. of oysters, mussels and shellfish, and 1,562,000 pounds of snails and crawfish. The total value of the fish products in the French capital in a year is: Fish \$4,100,000; oysters, snails, etc., \$1,153,000.

Oct. 10.

**Japs Are Shrewd.**

The Japanese fisheries industries in Honolulu are buying up all the surplus aku, when big catches are brought into the market, and manufacturing them into a peculiar article of dried fish for export to the mainland, says the "Marine Journal." The fish are cleaned, boiled and then sun-dried, making an article that is said to keep well besides being palatable. They also produce two by-products. One consists of the entrails of the fish compounded and cooked into some kind of chowder or soup that is said to be relished by the Japanese, and the other consists of the heads and tails, which are collected and sold to the fertilizer works.

**Mackerel Fare at Portland.**

Mackerel are showing up again off the Maine coast, sch. Arthur James, Capt. Archibald Devine, being reported at Portland this morning with 8100 pounds of fresh mackerel.

One or two other small fares are also reported to have been landed.

The Nova Scotia boats and trapmen continue to do well, the Yarmouth steamer arriving at Boston this morning having 630 barrels of small fresh mackerel for a part of her cargo.

**Fishing Fleet Movements.**

Schs. Premier and Georgia arrived at Canso Monday and cleared for fishing.

**HAD FISH TO SPLIT.**

Schs. Mary DeCosta down from Boston yesterday, brought 50,000 pounds fresh fish and sch. Jeanette, 15,000 pounds, which sold to the Gorton-Pew Fisheries Company to split.

Oct. 10.

**Halibut Sale.**

The halibut fare of sch. Preceptor sold to the American Halibut Company this morning at 13 cents a pound for white and 10 cents a pound for gray.

Oct. 11. ✓  
**A GOOD CATCH  
OF MACKEREL**

**Milk Island Trap Took 45  
Barrels Yesterday and  
16 Day Before.**

Mackerel are striking in around the shore, Story's trap off Milk Island having 45 barrels yesterday and 16 barrels the day before. The fish were landed at Rockport and iced and shipped to Boston.

Some of the netters in Ipswich Bay took a few fish last evening, 400 mackerel being landed at the Fort which sold at 5 cents a pound.

**Do Fish Remember?**

Do fishes remember? A scientist who has been investigating the question found that by placing a red cylinder containing food and also an empty green cylinder in the aquarium with a single fish the latter soon learned to enter the red cylinder each time it was immersed and avoided the other one. Moreover, the fish went into the red vessel and waited until some crumbs were dropped into it which he then ate. At other times the fish entered the baited red vessel even though he did not appear to desire food, seeing that he did not eat at such times. The factor of hunger was therefore eliminated here, and the existence of a habit or a reflex action was proved.

**The Lobster Catch.**

To date there are reported from the Straits and Labrador 274 vessels, containing 123,000 quintals of fish. The number to prosecute this year is 851, the most of which are from Twillingate, from which place 133 sailed, and up to the present 67 have been reported. Nearly all the vessels are left by this time and are now on their way home, and during this week many vessels which have harbored at various parts of the coast will make port.

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**THREE FARES  
IN HERE TODAY.**

**Sch. Agnes Home from Halibuting, Brings a Rather Small Fare.**

The arrivals at this port since yesterday are not very heavy, one halibuter and two fares of fresh, comprising the grist.

Sch. Agnes is at home with a small fare hailing for 1500 pounds of halibut, 6000 pounds of fresh fish and 4000 pounds of salt cod. Down from Boston are schs. Frances P. Mesquita, with 40,000 pounds of fresh fish and James W. Parker with 50,000 pounds left over from yesterday to split.

The catch of the herring torchers last evening was 140 barrels, the fish being landed here this morning and sold for bait.

**Today's Arrivals and Receipts.**

The arrivals and receipts in detail are:

Sch. Agnes, halibuting, 1500 lbs. fresh halibut, 6000 lbs. fresh fish, 4000 lbs. salt cod.

Sch. Frances P. Mesquita, via Boston, 40,000 lbs. fresh fish.

Sch. James W. Parker, via Boston, 40,000 lbs. fresh fish.

**Vessels Sailed.**

Sch. Carrie C., Georges handlining.

Sch. Pauline, Georges handlining.

Sch. Richard J. Nunan, haddocking.

Sch. Helen G. Wells, salt drifting.

Sch. Thalia, salt drifting.

Sch. Annie and Jennie, shore.

Sch. Mettacommet, shore.

Sch. Eva and Mildred, shore.

Sch. Viking, shore.

Str. R. J. Kellick, seining.

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Cusk, large, \$1.30; medium, \$1; snappers, 50c.

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Bank halibut, 13c per lb. for white, 10c per lb. for gray.

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Fresh porgies, \$1.25 per bbl. for bait; 75c per bbl. for oil.

Fresh herring, \$1 per bbl. to salt; \$2 per bbl. for bait.

**AT HARBOR GRACE  
FOR REPAIRS.**

**Sch. Independence II Has  
Been Ashore Up on the  
Labrador Coast.**

Sch. Independence II, Capt. John McInnis, arrived at Harbor Grace, N. F., a week ago Tuesday from Labrador for repairs. She had 150,000 pounds of dory hand line cod on board, all taken off Black Tickle since the 28th of August. Some weeks ago she got ashore in Black Tickle, off the Flagstaff, became slightly leaky, and the captain decided to come to Harbor Grace for docking. She will probably go to the Grand Banks to complete her cargo.